

THE ROMANTIC RUIN VAULTED OVER THE  
HALF ASSYMETRIC MOON AND THE ABOR-  
TIONIST RAN AWAY WITH THE SPOON GATE

Bliss was it in that drive to be alive  
But to be young was lousy heaven  
Taking shit from all kind of creep  
Dumb enough to make statue weep  
Piss in the dream stream of strive.

But to take one warm one: even  
As the supersubstantial breeze  
On the warmer wing of Icarus:

As the inprocrastinate  
Inappropriate sun fire  
On the hot wax of his  
Dead son Deadalus:

Wise up. Romantic ruin.  
Get down. Flying moon.  
Keep it up. Go. Act. Fast.  
Slide not down a razor rail.  
Go get it and don't forget it.  
You got it? Go fuck a duck.  
Oh. Oh. It's a lemon. Bad luck.

Be a natural. Twist the system.  
It's all in the gist of the fist stem.  
Come on down. Get bliss come.  
You better believe it ain't scum.

Aim low. Shoot high. Plunder  
And get out from under.  
Let a career be your thunder.

Get going. To be slow is to blunder.  
Avoid eye moisters. Go sit on it.  
Do it. Slippery when wet. Glue it.  
Shoot for the moon. If you fall, Faust,  
At least you'll end up penthoused.

Don't call me. I'll call you.  
All this should be yours.  
Fortune is your rightful portion.  
From unlucky get an abortion.

Look sharp. Feel sharp.  
Be sharp. A frozen harp,  
Puppy you got to lick ass  
Before you get to kick ass.

You pay your life.  
You get your money.  
Debt is rockefeller dark  
Credit is van gogh sunny

You long ago won the big event  
In the big tent, that blessed moment  
When money and mommy were won.

Stars shine bright on shatter light.  
You paid your blood. You got food.  
You made a shit flood. Thee. The. That's  
How can we believe in an incompetent fad  
Like life after death in an age so had, folks?

Oh  
Say do  
the good  
old mower  
in the lower  
and fender in  
the crass class  
spend too many  
an unhappy hour  
with industrial  
strength hard  
dead hand  
misery  
up their  
ass

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